



COWBOY STAR OF THE MOVIES

TIM HOLT

No. 14

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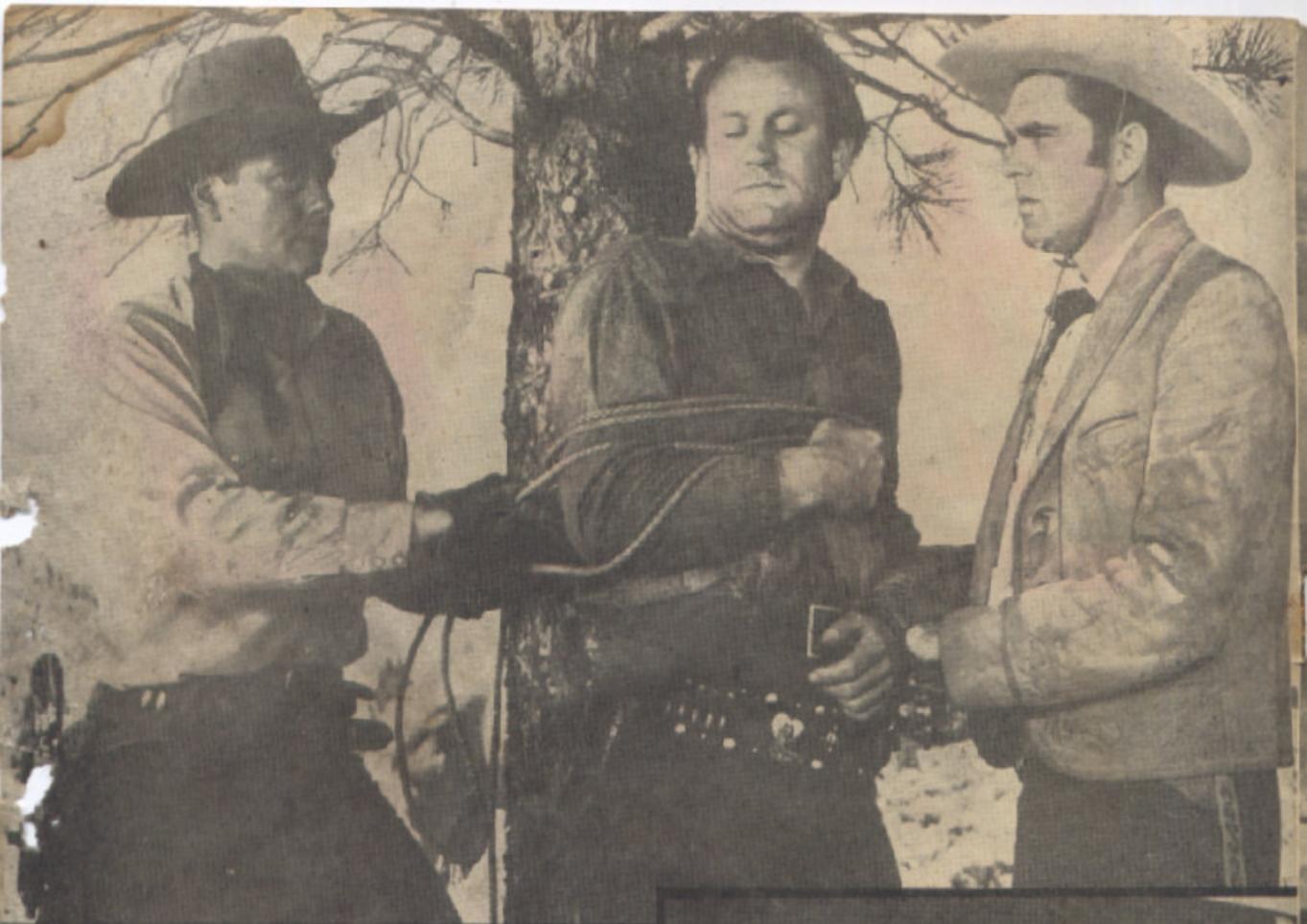


In this issue --

The Bridge at San Gila Gully • The Posse • The Honest Bandits
plus
Another exciting adventure of The Ghost Rider!

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TIM HOLT'S WESTERN ALBUM

ROPE TRICK! Tim and Chito put a badhat out of action and insure his good behaviour for a while by roping him to a tree. But ropes are dangerous things, and Tim says children should never tie up their playmates — it isn't good fun and it isn't very good sense. Believe Tim!

GUN-TAR might be a good name for this musical instrument! Tim and Chito are concealing the pistol in the back of the guitar in order to provide a surprise six-gun serenade for an unsuspecting badman, who won't like the tune!



TIM HOLT

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WHEN A LOAD OF DYNAMITE EXPLODES UNDER THE WOODEN BRIDGE OVER DRY WASH GULCH, IT CARRIES THE BULLET-SILVER CITY STAGECOACH WITH IT TO DESTRUCTION. IN THE STAGECOACH IS A WELLS FARGO SHIPMENT BOX, AND A SMALL COFFER MARKED T-BAR-H.

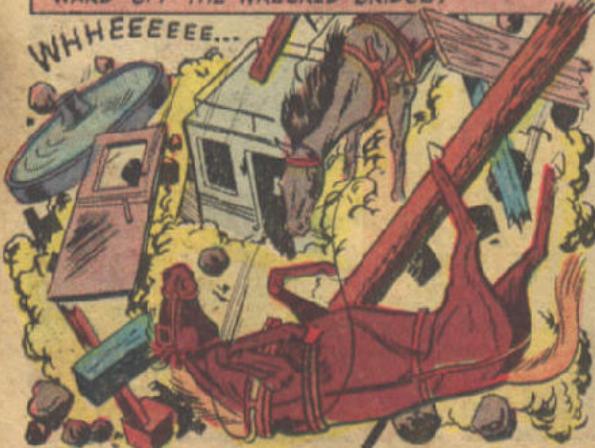
ALTHOUGH TIM HOLT AND HIS SAGELAND SIDEKICK, CHITO, DO NOT HEAR THE EXPLOSION, IT CARRIES THEM INTO THE BULLET-RIDDLED, ROBBERY-PLASTERED ADVENTURE OF -

THE
HONEST BANDITS!

FRANK BOLLE



WITH A SCREECHING OF WOOD ON WOOD, AND THE HIGH-PITCHED SCREAMING OF AGONIZED HORSES, THE STAGECOACH PLUMMETS DOWNWARD OFF THE WRECKED BRIDGE!



LOOKS LIKE
A GOOD HAUL,
STUB!

NOT ONLY THE WELLS FARGO
GOLD SHIPMENT, BUT THIS
RANCH COFFER, TOO. FROM THE
FEEL OF IT, IT'S GOT CASH
INSIDE!



TIM HOLT

TWO WEEKS LATER, A WELLS FARGO MESSENDER ARRIVES AT THE T-BARN RANCH...

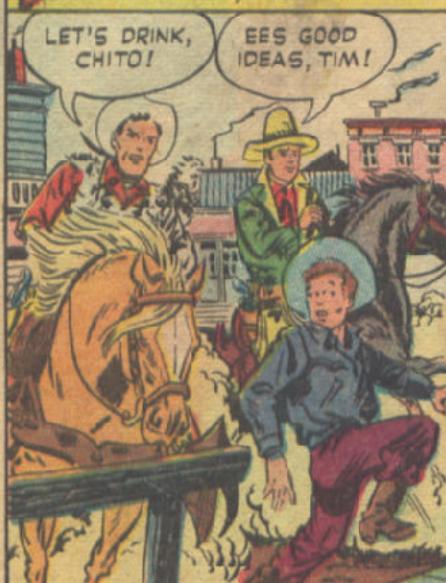


WE ARE FOR TO GO AFTER THOSE CROOKS - AN' YOU ARE BE WRITING A LETTER?

IT'S TO JIM TROWSON, SHERIFF OF SILVER CITY, CHITO. I'M ASKING HIM NOT TO RECOGNIZE ME IN PUBLIC...



SOME DAYS LATER, IN SILVER CITY -



HERE, YOU! YOU ALMOST RAN THAT BOY OVER! I'M WARNIN' YUH - NO ROUGH STUFF IN THIS TOWN!



DID YOU HEAR ME? TAKE YOUR HAND OFF ME - OR I'LL KNOCK IT OFF - LIKE THIS!



AND DON'T PULL A GUN ON ME WHILE I'M IN TOWN, EITHER! NEXT TIME I WON'T AIM FOR YOUR COLT!



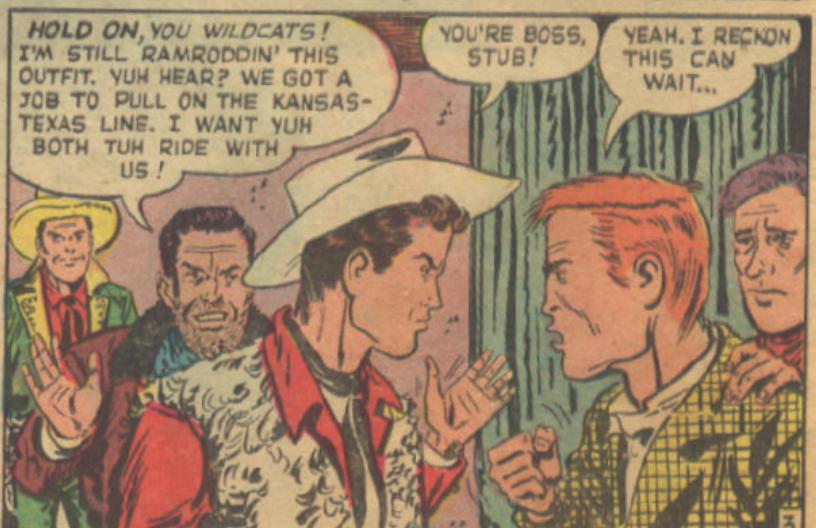
HOPE I ACTED THE WAY TIM WANTED ME TO! IF WE CAN FOOL STUB JENKINS, MEbbe HE'LL INVITE TIM TO JOIN HIS BUNCH IN THE HILLS... AN' THEN THE FUR WILL FLY!



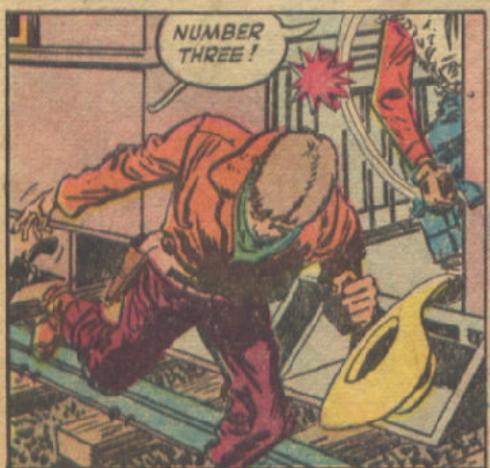
TIM HOLT



SOME HOURS LATER, DEEP IN THE SILVER MOUNTAIN TIMBER BELT...



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

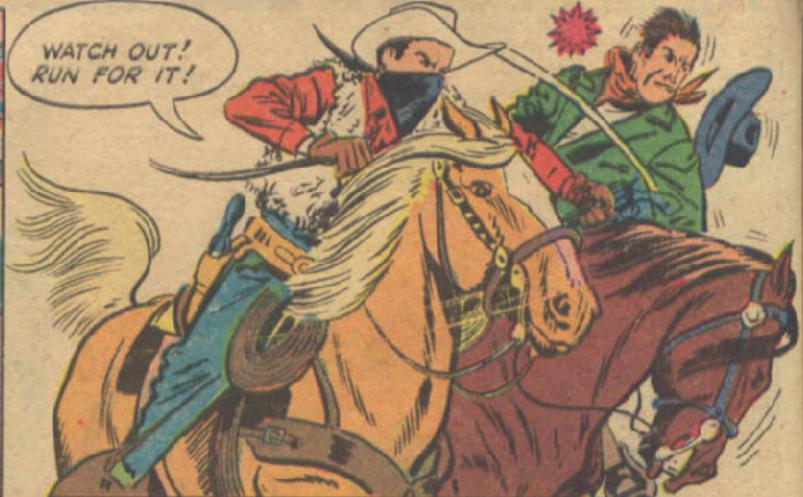
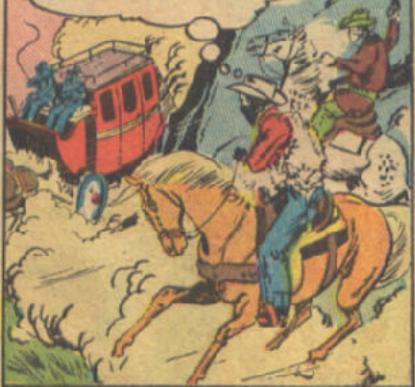
WITH THE BANDIT GANG LESSENED BY SEVERAL MEMBERS, AND HIMSELF A LITTLE MORE FIRMLY A PART OF IT, TIM'S OCCASIONAL ABSENCES ARE NEVER NOTICED. AND ON THOSE ABSENCES...

THEY'RE PLANNING A RAID ON THE SILVER CITY STAGE AGAIN, JIM. THEY EXPECT TO HIT IT AROUND NEEDLE ROCK.

ME AN' THE BOYS WILL BE THERE. THEY'LL HAVE ORDERS NOT TO SHOOT AT YOU OR CHITO.

AT NEEDLE ROCK, TWO AFTERNOONS LATER,

THE SHERIFF OUGHT TO START SHOOTING JUST ABOUT NOW—



BY CLEVER REIN HANDLING, TIM SO MANEUVERS LIGHTNING THAT BANDIT AFTER BANDIT IS DELAYED...



MEANWHILE, CHITO IS NOT IDLE!

EEES FOR TO BE SHOOTING SEETING DUCK!



BUT THE TRAP CANNOT BE HELD FOREVER. TIM TURNS AND FLEES WITH THE OTHERS. AND THAT NIGHT, IN THE LIGHTED CABIN USED BY THE OUTLAWS...

I SENT THE KID AND CHITO TO FETCH WATER BECAUSE I WANTED TO TELL YOU BOYS I'M SETTIN' A TRAP FOR 'EM! I'M TELLIN' HIM WE'RE FIXIN' TO ROB THE SULPHUR SPRINGS BANK—BUT WE'LL REALLY ROB THE ONE AT ROUNDUP! EVERYTHING'S GONE WRONG SINCE THEY JOINED UP. I'M JUST WONDERIN' IF THEY'RE WHAT THEY CLAIM TO BE!



TIM HOLT

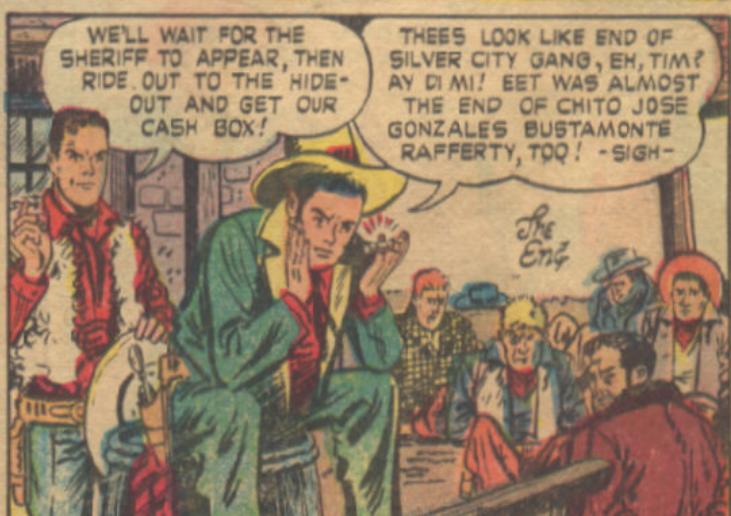
AND SO, THREE DAYS LATER, THE SILVER CITY GANG RIDES INTO THE COW TOWN OF ROUNDUP...

I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO SULPHUR SPRINGS, CHITO—WE'VE BEEN TRICKED!

THE SHERIFF IS AT SULPHUR SPRINGS, EITHER WE HAVE TO HELP THEM ROB THIS BANK—OR FIGHT THEM—
TWO AGAINST EIGHT!

EES W'AT YOU 'AVE BEEN ASKING TO DO SEENCE WE JOIN THEES GANG!

LET'S GO, CHITO!



TIM HOLT

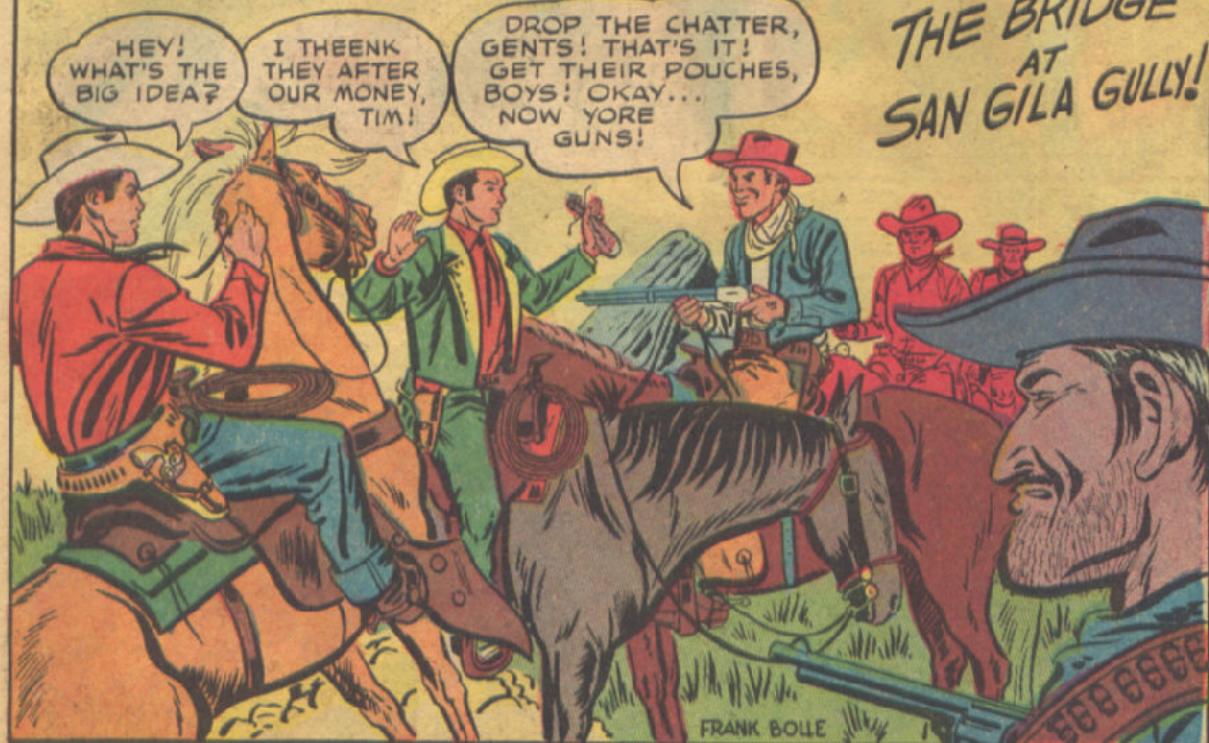
TIM HOLT

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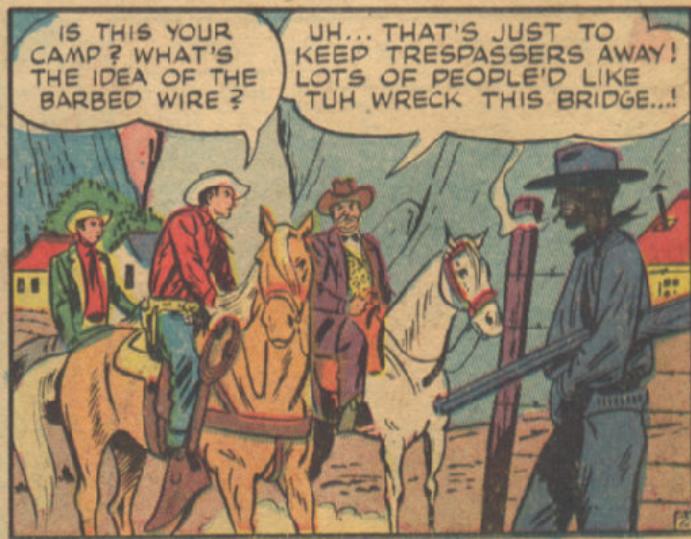
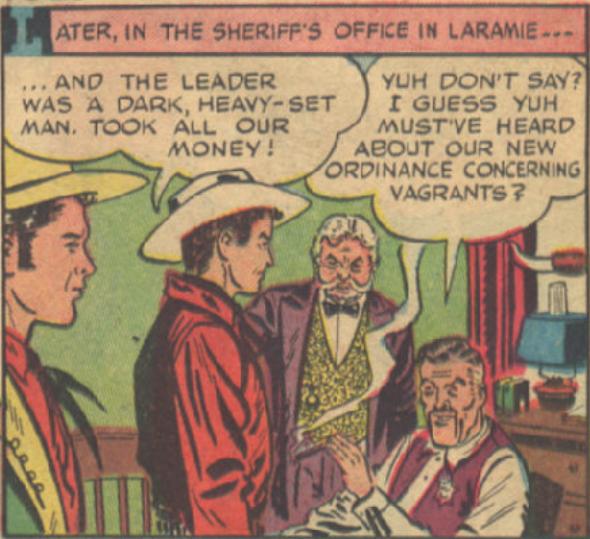
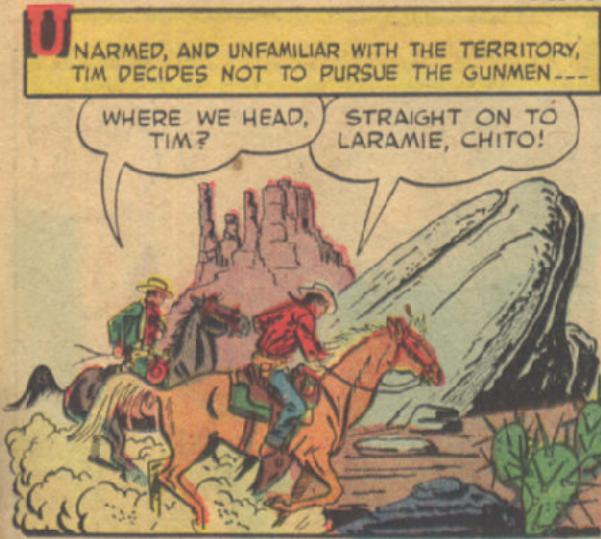
HE WESTWARD GROWTH OF AMERICA WAS AIDED GREATLY BY THE THRUSTING STEEL AND STEAM-BORN POWER OF THE RAILROAD.

OBSTACLE AFTER OBSTACLE THE RAILROAD MET AND OVERCAME — AND MOST DIFFICULT OF ALL WAS THE HIDDEN TREACHERY OF SCHEMING, EVIL MEN, AS TIM HOLT DISCOVERED WHEN HE WAS ENSLAVED TO WORK ON

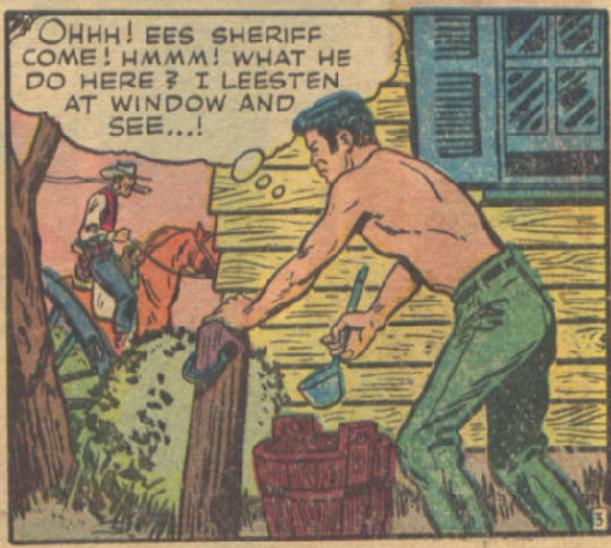
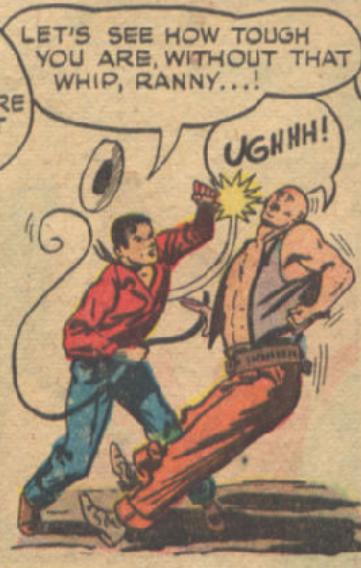
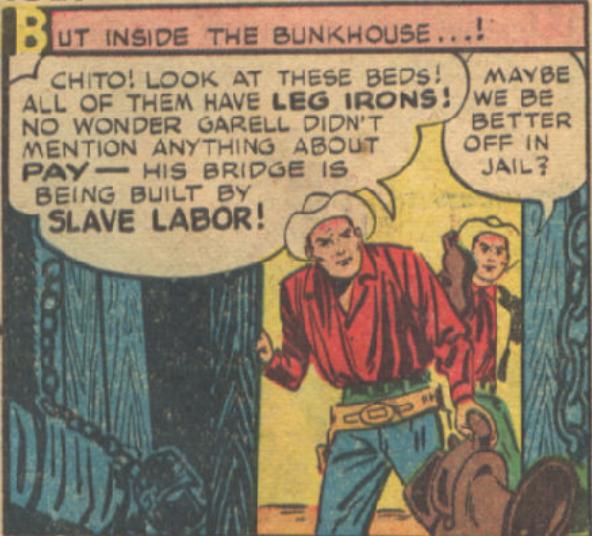
THE BRIDGE AT SAN GILA GULLY!



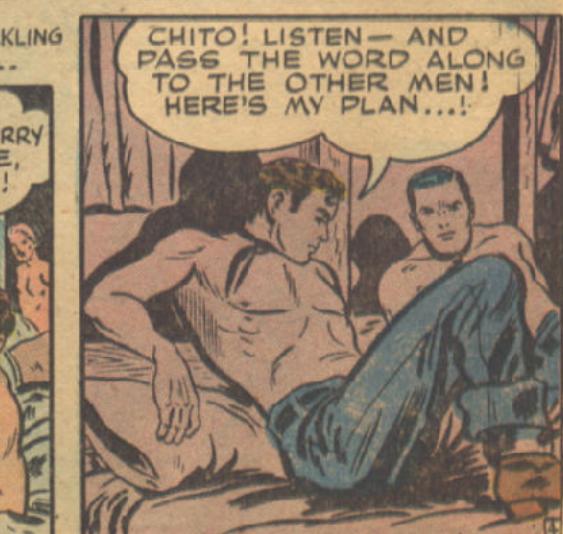
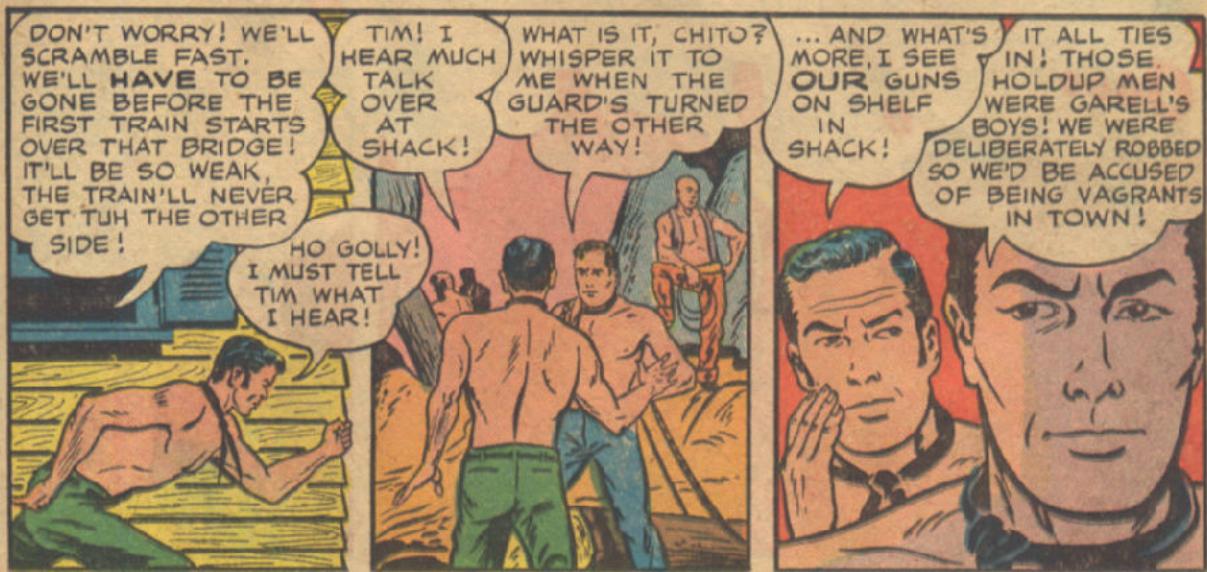
TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



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TIM HOLT



AS THE GUARD BENDS
OVER THE MOANING CHITO-



RELEASING THE MEN FROM
THEIR SHACKLES, TIM
EXPLAINS HIS PLANS...



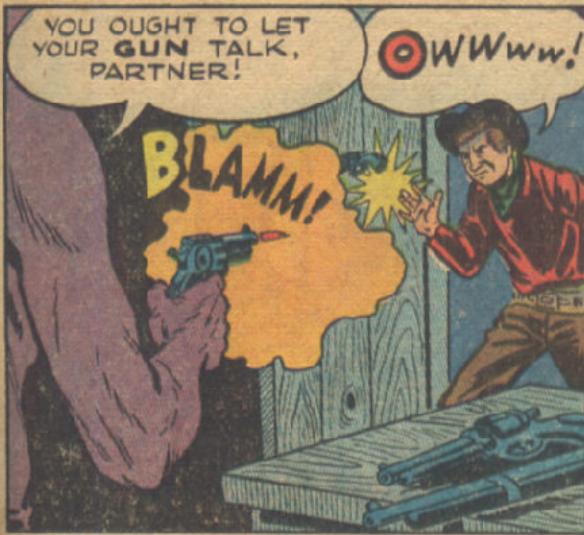
HOPE THAT WINDOW IS STILL
OPEN! ONCE I GET MY GUNS,
I'LL HEAD INTO TOWN. MAYBE
I CAN FIND THAT FELLOW FARLEY
THAT CHITO MENTIONED!



LUCKILY, TIM FINDS THE WINDOW
OPEN AND SOON LOCATES HIS GUNS...



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

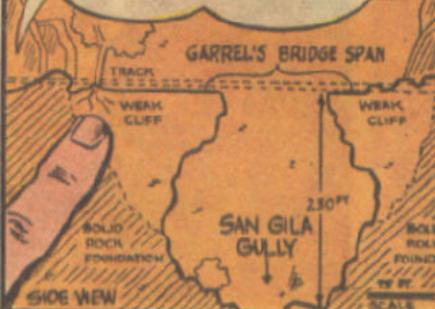


TIM RELATES HIS STORY TO FARLEY---

SO THAT'S HOW GARELL WAS ABLE TO UNDERCUT ME? SLAVE LABOR AND INFERIOR MATERIALS! I KNOW WHAT HIS PLANS ARE TOO! WOULD YOU LIKE SEE THEM?



MY PLAN WAS TO DYNAMITE BOTH THOSE CLIFF LEDGES, SINCE THEY'RE VERY WEAK! THAT WOULD ALSO PERMIT PLACEMENT OF BRACES — WHICH GARELL ISN'T USING! THOSE DIRT CLIFFS ARE SO SOFT THAT IF GARELL'S BRIDGE IS BUILT, THE FIRST TRAIN OVER IT WILL CRASH INTO THE GULLY!



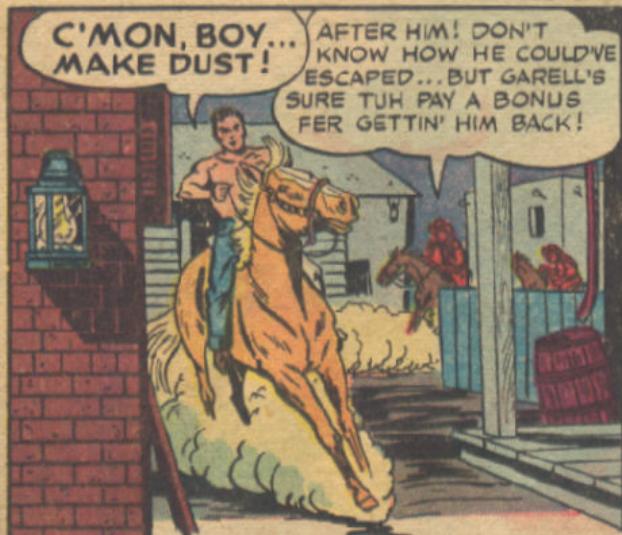
THAT WOULD ADD MURDER TO GARELL'S OTHER CRIMES! HE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO FINISH HIS BRIDGE, THOUGH, IF THOSE CLIFFS WERE DYNAMITED...



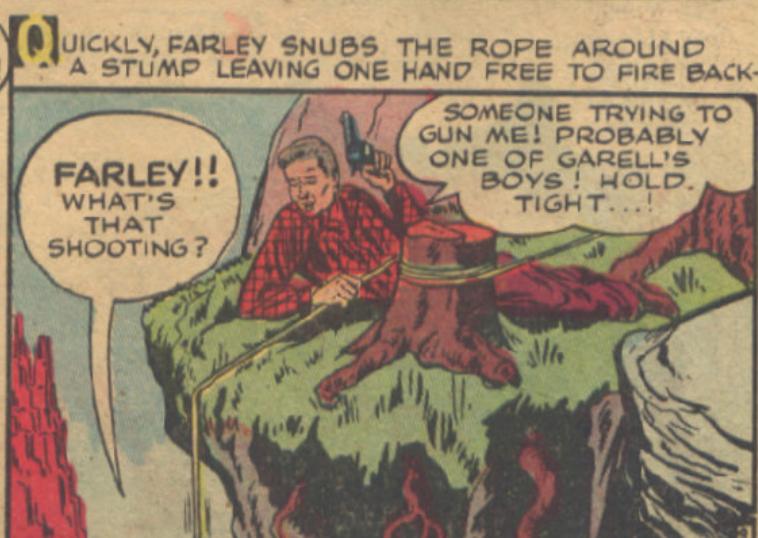
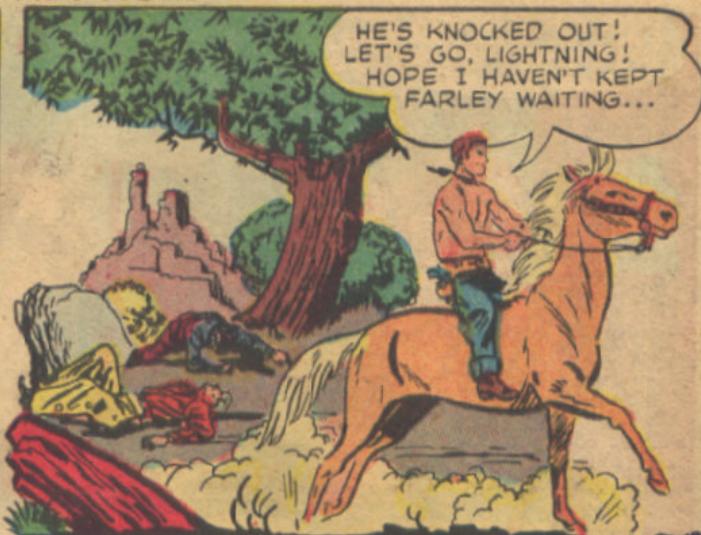
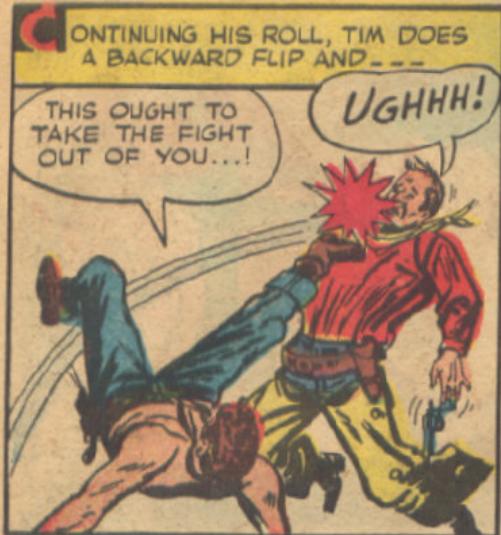
AS TIM TAKES A SHORT CUT DOWN A DARK ALLEY, TWO MEN EMERGE UNEXPECTEDLY FROM A DOORWAY---



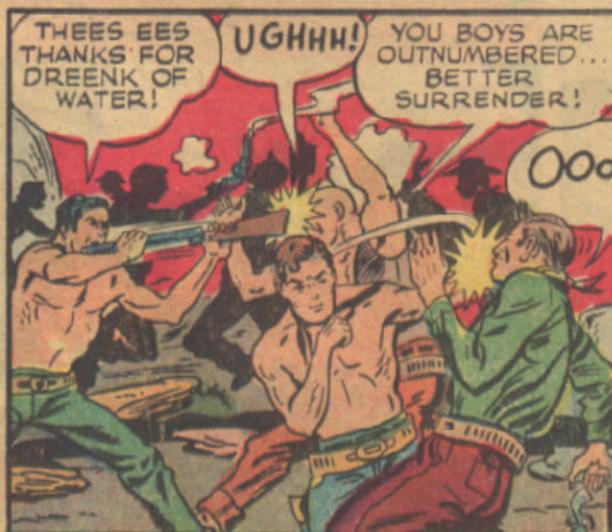
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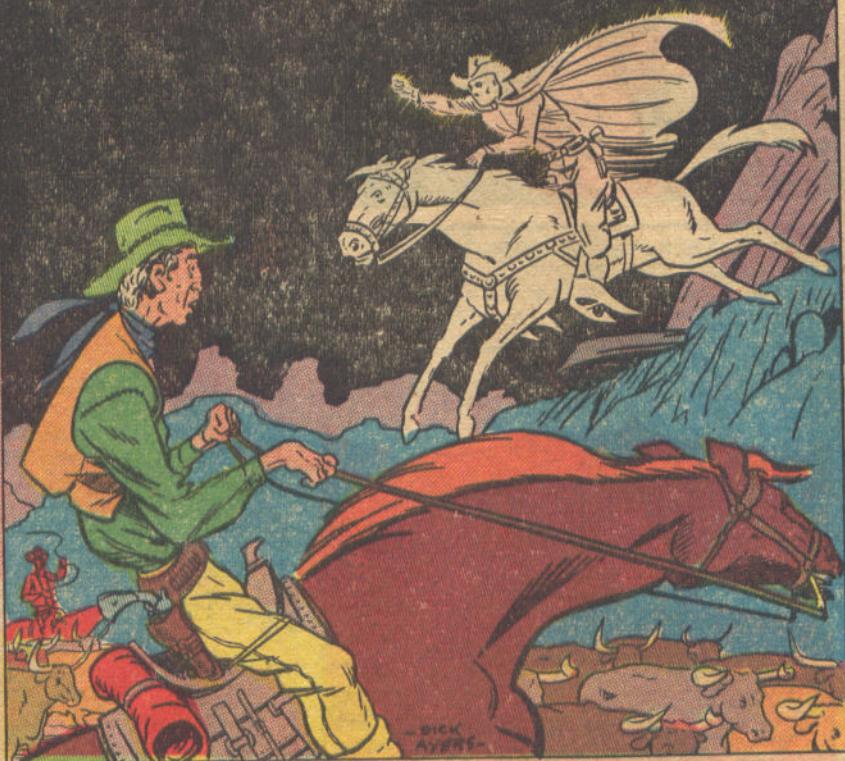
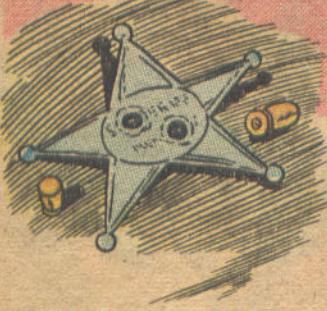


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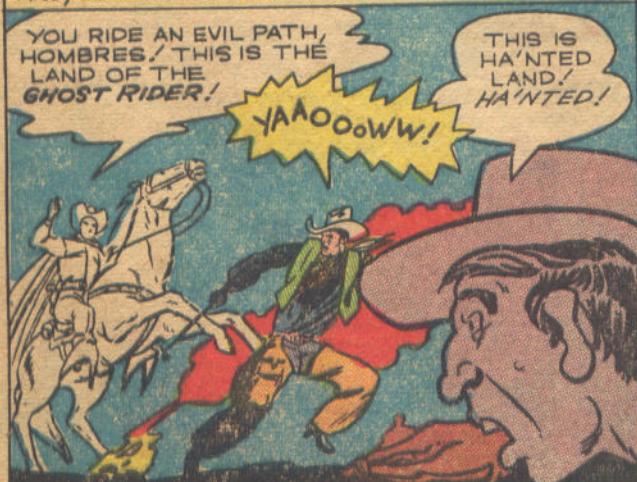
the GHOST RIDER

WHEN A BUNCH OF BAD HATS FROM THE MESA COLORADO SECTION DROVE DOWN INTO THE PEACEFUL VALLEY TOWN OF CANYON CITY TO RIDE HERD ON MEN AND BEASTS WITH SMOKING GUNS AND CRACKING RIFLES — ONLY THE SPECTRAL FORM OF **THE GHOST RIDER** DARED RIDE AGAINST BULLET AND HANGMAN'S NOOSE TO BACK THE PLAY OF —

"THE SCARECROW SHERIFF!"



IT WAS THREE HOURS AFTER SUNSET WHEN THE MESA COLORADO BAD HATS MOVED AGAINST THE EAST BASIN HERD OF THE GUNBUTT RANCH. AND, LESS THAN THIRTY MINUTES LATER —



THE WIERD FIGURE OF THE GHOST RIDER MOVES LIKE A DISEMBODIED SPIRIT AMONG THE PANIC-RIDDEN RUSTLERS!



TIM HOLT

HANDS THUMB AND TRIGGER COLTS—
BUT WHEN THE HEART IS PUMPING
FRIGHT THROUGH THE BODY, THE
AIM IS BAD... AND THE EYES PLAY
TRICKS.



I'VE HEARD OF THESE
BADMEN. THEY CAME
DOWN FROM MESA,
COLORADO... AND HAVE
JUST ABOUT TAKEN
OVER CANYON CITY.
THEY KILL ANY WHO
OPPOSE THEM.

THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE
MET THEM—ALTHOUGH I'VE
BEEN HUNTING THEM FOR WEEKS!
BUT I'LL MEET THEM AGAIN,
AND SOON. THERE WILL BE
NO REST FOR THE GHOST
RIDER UNTIL THEY ARE
BEHIND BARS...



AT DAWN, A BADLY SHAKEN GROUP OF GUNMEN
MEET UNDER A DIMLY LIT LAMP IN THE BACK
ROOM OF A CANYON CITY SALOON...



DO? I'LL TELL YUH WHAT WE'LL DO—
WE'LL HAVE HIM MADE AN OUTLAW!
WE'LL GIT THE SHERIFF TO GO OUT
AN' GUN HIM DOWN— OR JAIL HIM!



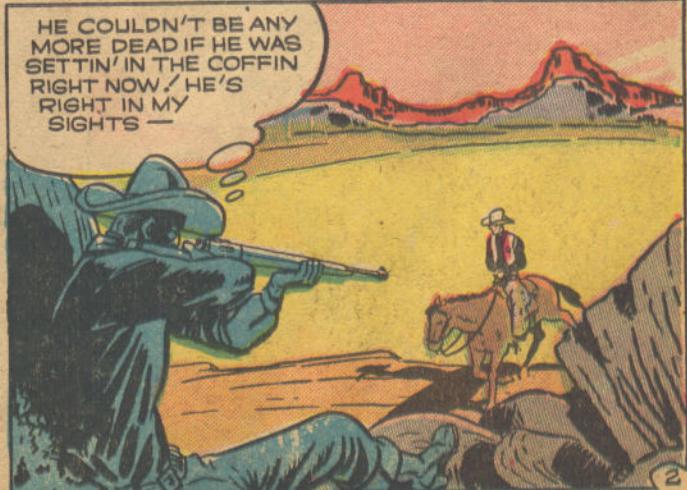
MEBBE SHERIFF JACKSON
WON'T LIVE VERY LONG, CACTUS!
YUH EVER THOUGHT OF THAT?

YEAH— ALL OF A SUDDEN!
MEBBE YUH GOT
TH' ANSWER, BART!

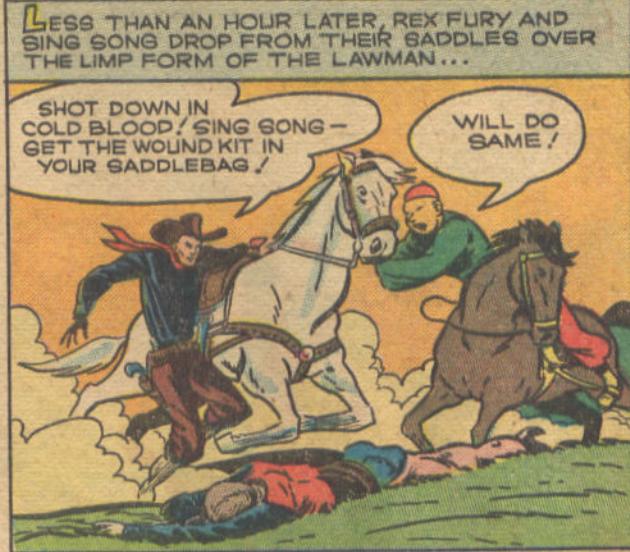


TWO MORNINGS LATER, AS SHERIFF JEPH JACKSON
RIDES TOWARD THE GUNBUTT SPREAD TO CHECK THE
EVIDENCE OF RUSTLING...

HE COULDN'T BE ANY
MORE DEAD IF HE WAS
SETTIN' IN THE COFFIN
RIGHT NOW! HE'S
RIGHT IN MY
SIGHTS—



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

ONE DAY LATER, TENDERFOOT ED YARNELL HAS BEEN ELECTED SHERIFF, WHILE OLD SHERIFF JEPH JACKSON FIGHTS FOR HIS LIFE IN A LITTLE CABIN MILES AWAY FROM TOWN ...

WELL... IF YOU'RE SURE YOU WANT ME TO BE THE SHERIFF... I'LL BE GLAD TO. BUT I DON'T KNOW VERY MUCH ABOUT...

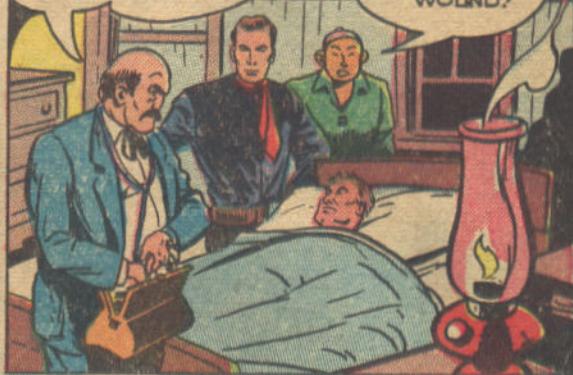
KID, FORGOT YORE WORRIES. ME AN' MY BOYS WILL KEEP THIS TOWN UNDER CONTROL - AS YORE DEPUTIES!



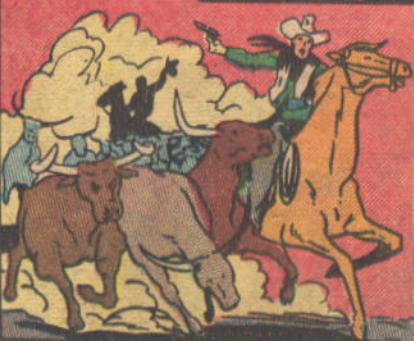
IN THE LINE CABIN...

HE MAY PULL THROUGH - WITH LUCK! BUT SOMEONE HAS TO BE WITH HIM ALL THE TIME!!

I STAY. I FEED HIM, TEND HIS WOUND!



THEN FOLLOWS A SERIES OF DARING RAIDS ON CATTLE RANCHES - ROBBERIES OF STAGECOACHES - HOLDUPS...



PROTESTING RANCHERS ARE DRAGGED BEFORE THE SCARECROW SHERIFF...

CATTLE RUSTLIN', ED! SHALL I LOCK HIM UP?

I DIDN'T RUSTLE, I WAS JUST PICKING UP SOME STRAYS...

ER - I GUESS YOU'D BETTER LOCK HIM UP, IF YOU SAY HE'S A REAL RUSTLER!



HIGH IN THE HILLS...

THOSE VILLAINS HAVE BEEN VISITING RANCHES AND DRAGGING OUT THE OWNERS! WHY? I'VE GOT TO RIDE INTO TOWN - AND LEARN WHAT HAPPENS TO THEM!

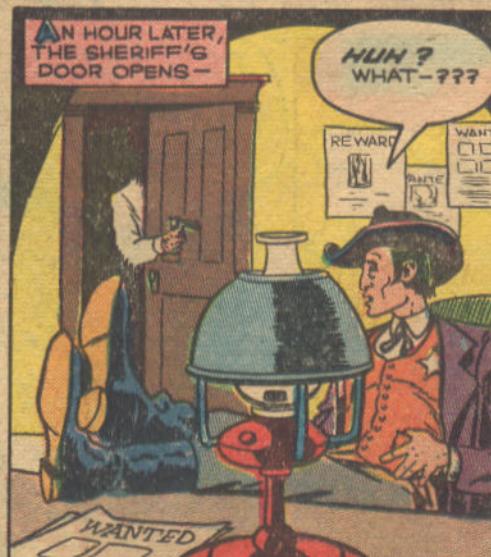


AN HOUR LATER, THE SHERIFF'S DOOR OPENS -

HUH? WHAT-???

RWARD

WANTED

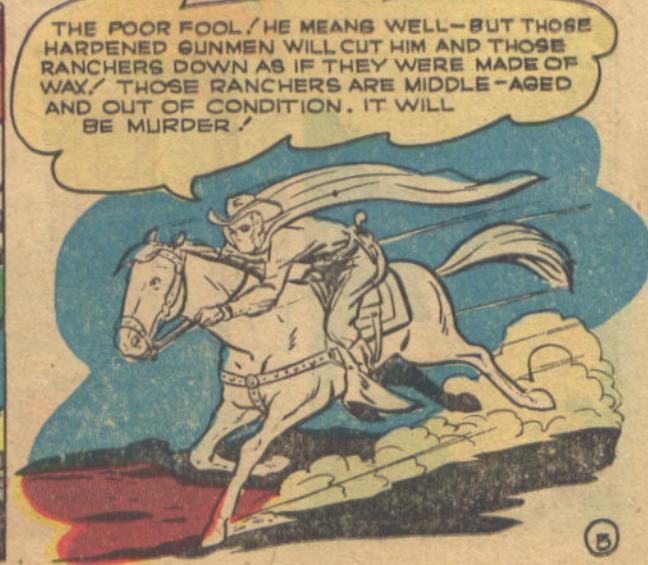


YAAAGGH!



TIM HOLT

IN THE SUDDEN DARKNESS THAT FOLLOWS THE SMASHING OF THE DESK LAMP, A GLOWING FIGURE CONFRONTS THE FEAR-FROZEN TENDERFOOT...



TIM HOLT

THEIR RUTHLESS WORK AT THE MINE COMPLETED, THE MESA COLORADO BADMEN TURN THEIR SADDLES HOMeward...

LOOK UP YONDER! AIN'T THAT OUR PAL, THE SCARECROW SHERIFF?

SHORE IS - AN' WHO'S HE GOT WITH HIM? BY THUNDER! IT'S THEM OLD RANCH OWNERS!

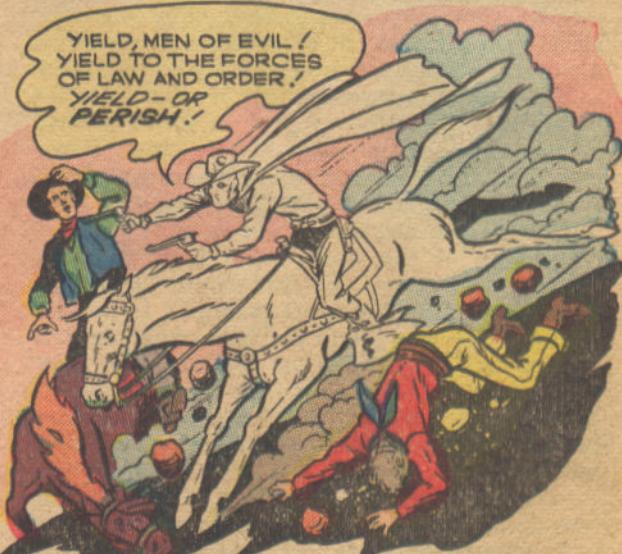
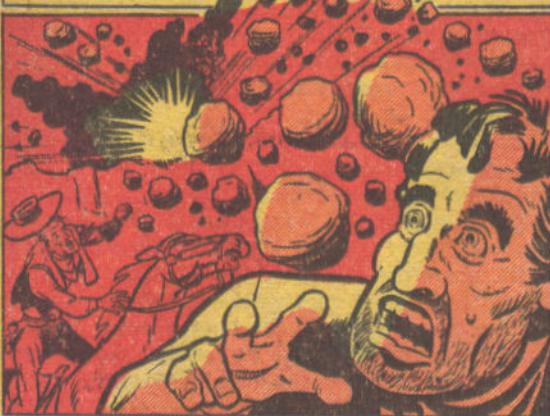
WE GOT 'EM ALL WHERE WE WANT 'EM!

SURE! FINISH 'EM ALL OFF! THEN WE CAN TAKE OVER THEIR RANCHES AND THE TOWN!



HIGH ABOVE THE MINE TRAIL, THE GRIM FORM OF THE GHOST RIDER STEPS BACK FROM AN EXPLODING STICK OF DYNAMITE! ROCKS AND STONE DEBRIS LEAP HIGH IN THE AIR - AND GO TUMBLING AND FALLING DOWNWARD...

YIELD, MEN OF EVIL!
YIELD TO THE FORCES
OF LAW AND ORDER!
YIELD - OR
PERISH!



TO HELP CONVINCE YOU...

YOWWP!

WE GOT 'EM!
WE GOT 'EM ALL!

THANKS TO THE
GHOST RIDER,
SON! RECKON YUH'RE
PLUMB GLAD HE
SHOWED UP,
HUUH?

I SURE AM - ESPECIALLY SINCE
I MEAN TO STAY ON AS DEPUTY
AND HELP SHERIFF JACKSON TO
MAKE UP FOR MY STUPIDITY. WITH
HIS HELP, I KNOW I'LL MAKE
A GOOD SHERIFF...



TIM HOLT

the YOUNG WARRIOR



TAKOWA, the Comanche boy, stood beside the cooking pots in front of his father's white buffalo skin tipi, and scowled fiercely. His dark black eyes were fastened on the trotting ponies and the black-painted warriors astride them, who were following the war chief, One Arrow, out of the encampment for a surprise attack on the Osages who had been raiding the Comanche horse herds.

"I am old enough to go," he told the soft breeze that swirled around the tipi. "I am twelve. If I do not win my eagle feather soon, I will be too old to fight! I will be grey and wrinkled and weak, like He-ty-oka!"

Kicking at the dust, he walked past his father's scalp stick and war shield that hung before the tipi. His heart thumped as he ran his eyes over the grisly trophies of the Indian battlefields. Some day he would have such trophies before his own tipi. Some day . . .

Takowa sighed and walked toward the rope picket line where the Indian ponies browsed on the short plains grass. He picked out his own mount, a buckskin pony named Wild Wind. Takowa's father was a rich man and had bought Wild Wind for Takowa three moons before. Even Little Bird, the medicine man, admitted that Wild Wind was the fastest pony in all the Comanche herds!

"With Wild Wind between my knees, I could count coup against the Arapahoes and Osages all on the same day!" Takowa growled angrily. To count coup was to touch an enemy with the hand or weapon in battle. It was a very high honor among the Indians of the plains.

He rode steadily, not wanting to play with his boyhood friends. He felt that hoop and spear and shinny and snow snake were games beneath his notice. "Let Chapa and Hehaka play those games. They do not have a pony that can outrun the wind!"

Takowa mounted up from the deep, thick grama grass of the flats into the shrub-dotted slopes below the timber line. Thin, gnarly limbs of ocotilla, and the flat, prickly bulbs of the cactus plants lent a splash of color to the dun ground. A breeze ruffled his shiny

black hair that was bound with bone ornaments. His nostrils quickened. Takowa lifted his head, suddenly alert.

He had caught the pungent, harsh odor of Indian war paint in that breeze!

"One Arrow will have led the braves far from this point," the Comanche boy told himself. "Therefore, the war paint I smell is not Comanche war paint! If not—then whose?"

Like an eel, Takowa slipped over the side of Wild Wind and hung there, one hand buried in the thick mane of the little buckskin. The beaded moccasin on his left foot rested on the pony's rump, but with luck, it would not be seen!

Bobbing to the buckskin's every stride, Takowa peered under his mount's throat. His breath choked, and he sputtered.

A thin line of war-painted Osages were moving slowly down from the pinon-covered hills, the wind rustling the feathers dangling from their painted shields, jingling the bits of metal and shell on arm and in hair. Takowa heard the rattle of the bone breastplates as a warrior turned in the saddle to look about. They were bound for the defenseless Comanche camp!

Takowa drummed a heel on Wild Wind's belly. The little buckskin fled like a startled fawn before the twang of the Indian bowstring. At such a distance he looked to the onriding Osages like a wild, masterless horse.

His heart was making so much noise in his excitement that Takowa could hardly think! He knew what would happen when those black-visaged Osage braves hit the Comanche town. There would be screams and flowing blood, scalps ripped from heads, war arrows thunking into the few crippled or aged men who had been left behind! Takowa thought of his pretty mother, and his baby brother, and his lips tightened.

"What can I do?" he asked himself. "I wanted to be a warrior and a hero. Now I have the chance. But one twelve-year-old Comanche boy cannot fight fifty Osage braves!"

He knew, deep inside him, that even Young Buffalo, his father, or One Arrow himself,

TIM HOLT

could do nothing! And yet—

Forgetting himself, Takowa straightened on the buckskin's back. If his little idea would only work! He banged his moccasined heels into the pony's back and clung with strong young hands to the thick mane.

He rode into the Comanche village in a cloud of dust. His young voice carried the grim news from tipi to tipi as he flashed by cooking fires and meat racks. Vaguely he was aware of running women, of an old man hobbling out into the open, a war lance in his feeble hands.

Takowa reined in before the tipi of Broken Bow, the Comanche warrior who had suffered a thigh wound driving off the last Osage attack on the horse herds. Quickly, Takowa outlined his plan. As he listened, a grim smile quirked Broken Bow's mouth. He nodded agreement.

Then Takowa whirled Wild Wind and sent him at full gallop out onto the flats beyond the village where boys like Chapa and Hehaka were dropping their play sticks and running toward him.

"Osage braves!" Takowa shouted, pointing behind him. "Riding to the village! We have played many games together, my friends. But we are to play a grim game now—a game of war!"

The flat brown faces of the boys lighted eagerly. With gutteral shouts they thronged about him, to listen. Takowa said, "Broken Bow will get us bows and arrows, spears and war paint! Mount your fastest ponies and meet me at the council tipi!"

Broken Bow had enlisted the quick, deft hands of the women. Bows and arrows were passed to boy after boy as he sat his horse, his face smeared hideously. Takowa was moving Wild Wind back and forth, speaking quickly.

"We have played at ambush many times, my brothers! Now we carry a man's weapons. It is not to be play now, but war! And yet—give us good ambush spots, and luck with our first arrows, and we may yet turn back the Osage dogs!"

It was a mad scheme. One Arrow or Young Buffalo would have sent the boys to their tipis with backhand blows and derisive shouts. But One Arrow and Young Buffalo were gone, and there were none to stop these vigorous future fighters. They had the blind blissfulness of inexperience in real warfare, plus youth's firm, insistent belief in its own powers.

And then—loosed secretly by Little Bird, the medicine man—a young puppy went yap-ping through the Indian village. "Look!" cried Little Bird, lifting a bronzed arm from beneath his red blanket. "See the young dog testing its strength. It is a good sign! I promise victory—victory for our own young

whelps riding on their first war trail!"

It was all Takowa needed. With a wild shout and a waving, upraised arm, Takowa led his friends out of the village on the gallop.

They went into the hills, at a racing run. High in the timbers, among the twisted rocks of some forgotten riverbank, they flung themselves from their ponies and ran to the rim of the *malpais*.

Looking down, they could see the Osages advancing at a steady jog. Their eyes were fixed on the distant Comanche village. They could tell the warriors were gone. Only women and old men and a few children were seen near the tipis and the cooking pots. The Osages gave harsh, grunting cries and yelps. Excitement lifted them taller. They shook bows and knives that flashed in the sunlight. A big, half-naked chief threw back his head and yapped like a dog—

It was Takowa's arrow that took the Osage chief in the throat, between jaw and collarbone. And as his arrow thudded home, other arrows whined in the air, to plunk in grisly fashion in chest and arm and leg. The boys above, their blackened faces seen here and there above a rock or shrub as they bent their war bows, were fiercely intent. Often had they played like this among these very rocks. Now play was—reality!

And yet, so sudden was the attack, so merciless were the long arrows flashing in the sunlight, that eight of the Osage warriors tumbled from their saddles before the others found their attackers! Yelps and howls of rage echoed from their throats. Lances were lifted and hurled! Osage bows bent and Osage bow-strings twanged!

Takowa stood at his full height. "Look! Look!" he shouted. "One Arrow returns! With him ride our Comanche fighting men!"

The Osages, sunk in the narrow trail, had no way of measuring the truth of Takowa's shouted words. Grunting and shouting their anger, they wheeled their horses about and pummeled the animals' sides with their moccasined heels.

It was two days later when the Comanche braves returned from the warpath, to learn the tale of Takowa and his boy-warriors. Little Bird, the medicine man, and the crippled Broken Bow, were profuse in their praise. Pride glittered in Young Buffalo's eyes as the medicine man planted a coup stick ornate with a feather denoting one coup, beside Young Buffalo's own coup stick. "He will be a great fighter, your son Takowa," prophesied Little Bird.

And Takowa, hoping in his heart that Little Bird was right, ran past them to join Chapa and Hehaka at their play. After all, a twelve-year-old boy cannot be a fighting man every hour of the day!

—THE END—

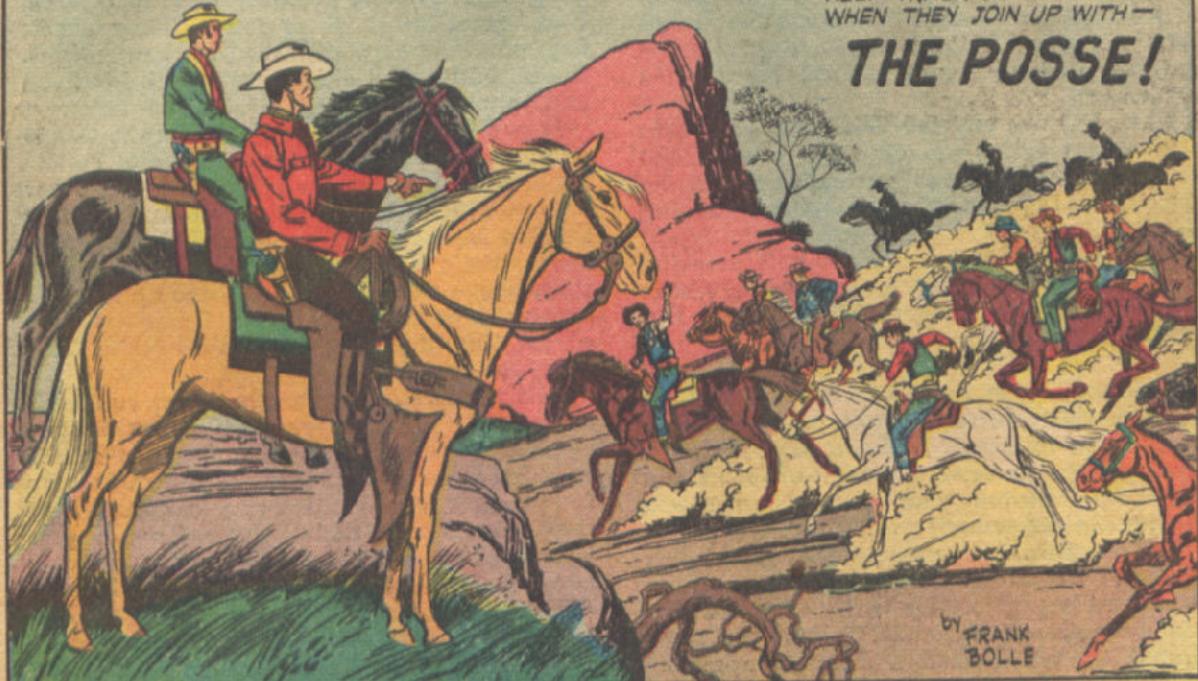
TIM HOLT

TIM HOLT

ALTHOUGH THE SHERIFF AND HIS DEPUTIES ENFORCED LAW AND ORDER, THE WESTERN TERRITORY WAS FAR TOO VAST FOR THEIR SMALL NUMBER TO ATTEMPT AN EFFICIENT MANHUNT. A LARGER GROUP WAS NEEDED TO COMB THE MANY HILLS AND VALLEYS AND TO SEARCH THE CANYONS AND FORESTS—A FAST-RIDING, STRAIGHT-SHOOTING BAND OF LAW-ABIDING CITIZENS.

TIM HOLT AND CHITO RAFFERTY HELP TRACK DOWN A KILLER WHEN THEY JOIN UP WITH—

THE POSSE!



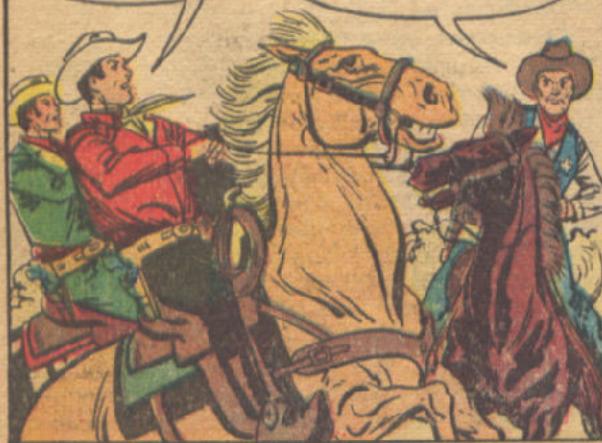
WHAT'S ALL THE DUST ABOUT, SHERIFF?

COME A-RIDIN', BOYS! —WE CAN USE YOU TWO! THIS IS A MANHUNT!

WE'RE AFTER BIG HAL REED. HE JUST SHOT AND KILLED OLD BANKER COLLINS AND GOT OFF WITH \$20,000 IN CASH!

YOU CAN COUNT ON US, SHERIFF HOLLOWAY!

YOU BET!



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

BIG HAL FRANTICALLY LEAVES THE CABIN...



THE STAUNCH OLD DEPUTY QUICKLY RECOVERS...



BLAST! THIS ORNERY HORSE WON'T LET ME MOUNT HIM!



WHO'S GOING TO STOP ME...?



THIS IS AS GOOD AS A BULLET — AND NOT SO NOISY!



MEANWHILE, TIM CAUTIOUSLY APPROACHES THE CABIN... FINDS IT EMPTY. THEN...



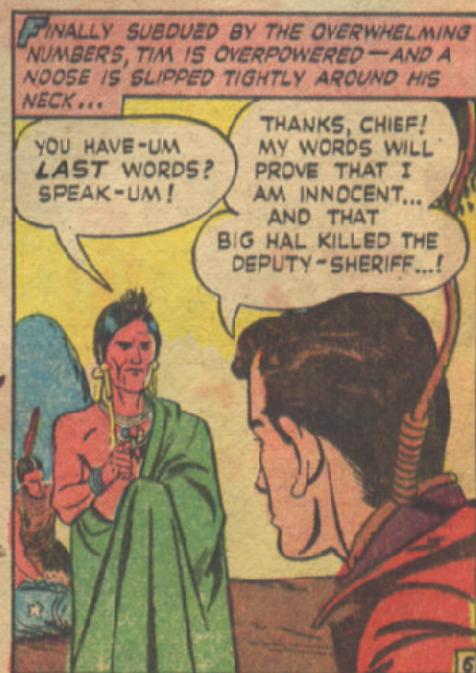
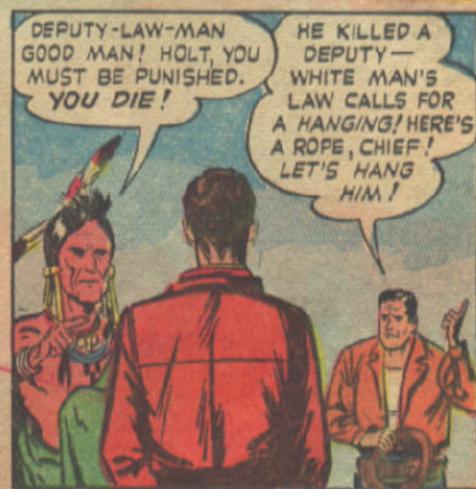
LAS FAST AS HIS LEGS WILL CARRY HIM TIM RACES DOWN RIVER TO THE MURDERER...



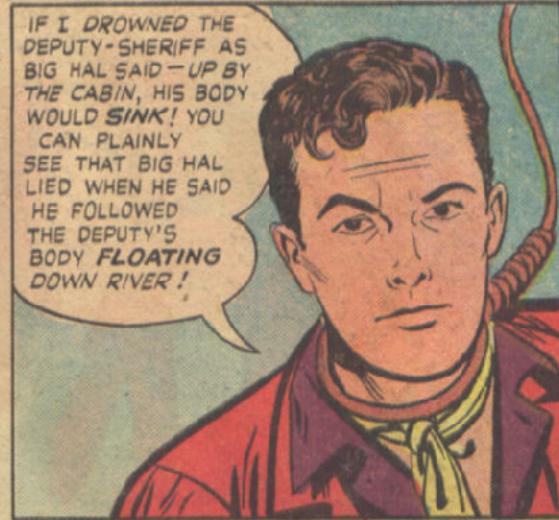
TIM HOLT

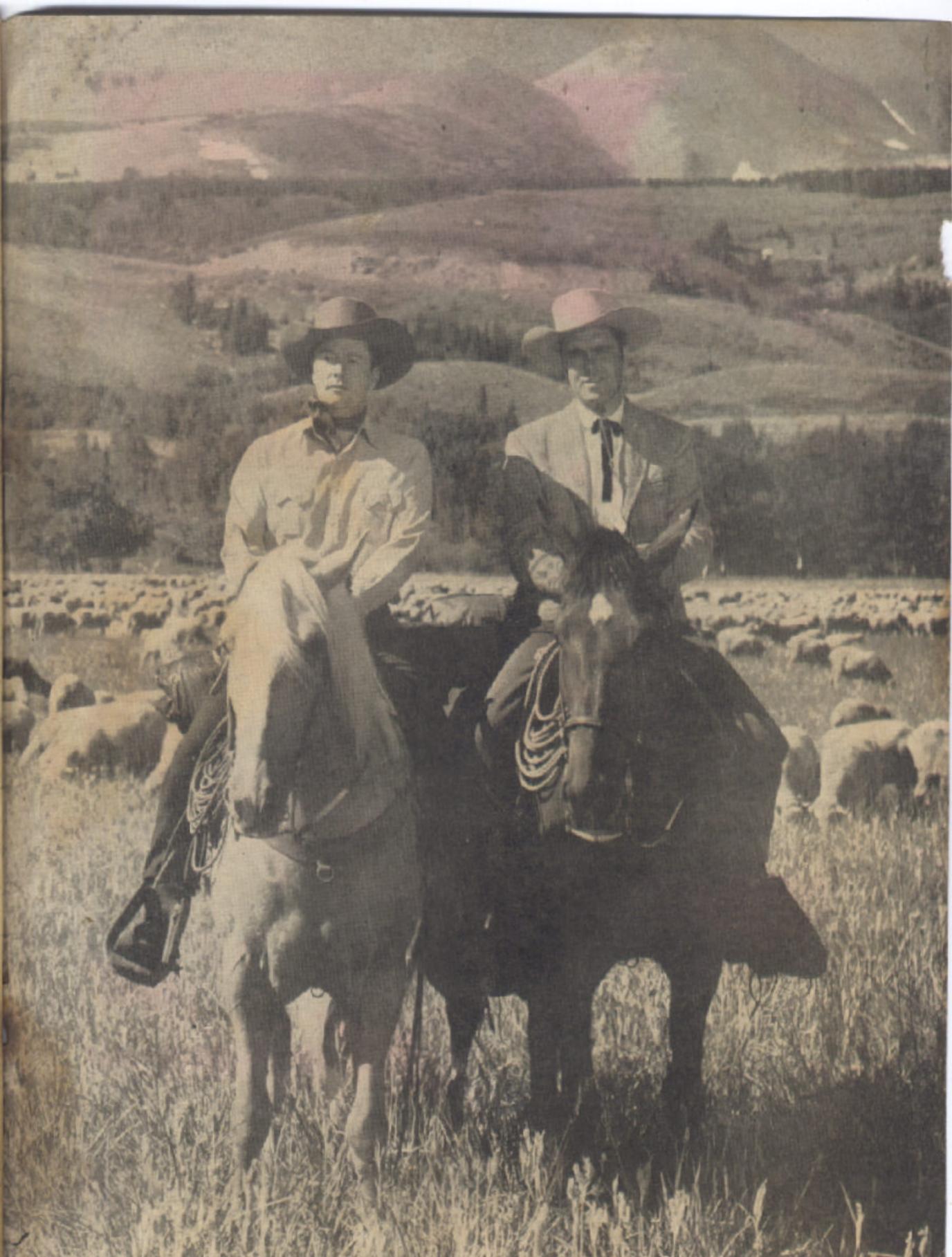


TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT





Inseparables of the range, Tim and Chito halt their mounts to scan the horizon for signs of danger. Range wars broke out quite frequently in the West and only the very alert survived.

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